

# “PAY-DAY—SOME DAY”

With Other Sketches From Life and Messages From The Word

by

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## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### WHAT THEN?

(This poem was written by my friend, Rev. J. W. Green of the Trinity Baptist Church of Los Angeles, and is generally considered to be the best of its kind ever published).

When the great busy plants of our cities  
Shall have turned out their last finished work.  
When our merchants have sold their last order  
And dismissed every last tired clerk,  
When our banks have raked in their last dollar  
And paid out their last dividend,  
When the Judge of the earth wants a hearing  
And asks for a balance—WHAT THEN?

When the choir has sung its last anthem  
And the preacher has voiced his last prayer,  
When the people have heard their last sermon  
And the sound has died out on the air,  
When the Bible lies closed on the altar  
And the pews are all empty of men,  
When each one stands facing his record  
And the great book is opened—WHAT THEN?

When the actors have played their last drama  
And the mimic has made his last fun,  
When the movie has flashed its last picture  
And the billboard displayed its last run,  
When the crowd seeking pleasure has vanished  
And gone out in the darkness again,  
When the trumpet of ages has sounded  
And we stand before HIM—WHAT THEN?

When the bugle calls sink into silence  
And the long marching columns stand still,  
When the captain repeats his last orders  
And they've captured the last fort and hill,  
When the flag has been hauled from the masthead  
And the wounded afield have checked in,  
And the world that rejected its Saviour  
Is asked for a reason—WHAT THEN?

**~ end of book ~**

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